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The HISTORY of the Reign of his present Majesty King GEORGE the Second, continued.

Fleet and Troops remained till they had blown up and demolished all the Castles and Forts that guarded the Harbour; and besides these, there were six *Spanish* Men of War, six Galleons, and all the other Shipping in the Harbour burnt or destroyed, together with several hundred Guns in the Forts or Men of War; and it was computed, that in this Expedition we had 1500 Men killed or died by Sickness.

June 27, Sir *John Norris* sailed from *St. Helens* with a most formidable Squadron, consisting of three first Rates, three second Rates, and ten third and fourth Rates, with Fireships, *&c.* and after cruizing some Time upon the Coast of *Spain*, returned to *Spithead*, *August* 22.

July 17, The *Swedes* published at *Stockholm* their Declaration of War against *Russia*.

This Month (*July*, 1741.) we received an Account, that the *Dutch* in *Batavia* having discovered a Plot formed by the *Chinese* and Natives, to make themselves Masters of that City and Island, and to massacre all the *Dutch*, they, in *October* 1740, prevented them, by massacring all the Men of the *Chinese* or Natives that lived within the City, after having repulsed a most numerous Body of *Chinese* and Natives that made an Attack upon the City without.

September 8, There was a very great Hurricane, which extended itself almost all over *England*, and did considerable Damage by throwing down Houses, Chimneys, and Steeples of Churches, and tearing up Trees by the Root; besides the Loss in Shipping, *&c.*

September 29, The Citizens of *London* in their Common-Hall having again returned Sir *Robert Godschall* and *George Heathcote*, Esq; the Court of Aldermen at last thought fit to chuse the former to be Lord-Mayor for the ensuing Year.

October 19, His Majesty landed from the *Katharine* Yacht at *Aldborough* in *Suffolk*, in his return from *Hanover*, and arrived safe next Day at *St. James's*.

October

October 22, A ſolemn Faſt was ordered to be obſerved on the 25th of *November* then next.

October 24, The King of *Poland*, as Elector of *Sxony*, declared againſt the Queen of *Hungary*, and a Body of his Troops entered *Bohemia*.

The ſame Day arrived Advice from the *Weſt-Indies*, that Admiral *Vernon* and General *Wentworth* had ſailed from *Jamaica*, *July* 1, and on the 18th entered a fine natural Harbour on the Southſide of the Iſland of *Cuba*, to which they gave the Name of *Cumberland* Harbour, where they landed, and encamped their Troops, and were preparing to advance farther into the Iſland.

November 24, A new Revolution, as before hinted, happened in *Ruſſia*, as ſudden and unexpected as any of the former. In one Night's Time the Infant Emperor *Ivan*, his Father and Mother, and all their chief Miniſters were ſeized, and the Princeſs *Elizabeth*, Daughter of *Peter the Great*, was declared Empreſs of all the *Ruſſias*, the immediate Conſequence of which was a Suſpenſion of Arms between the *Ruſſians* and *Swedes*.

December 1, The new Parliament met at *Weſtminſter*, when his Majeſty went to the Houſe of Peers, and the Lord Chancellor by his Majeſty's command ſignified to the Commons, that they ſhould return to their Houſe to chuſe a Speaker, and preſent him to his Majeſty for his Approbation on the 4th. Accordingly, on that Day his Majeſty came again to the Houſe of Peers, and the Commons having choſen the Rt. Hon. *Arthur Onſlow*, Eſq; who had been Speaker in the two preceding Parliaments, his Majeſty approved of their Choice, and opened the Seſſion with a moſt gracious Speech from the Throne, wherein, among other Things, 'He repreſented to them the impending Dangers *Europe* was threatned with by the Confederacy for ſubverting or reducing the Houſe of *Auſtria*; that he had exerted himſelf for the Support of that Houſe, and endeavoured to induce other Powers to concert ſuch Meaſures as the important Conjuncture required; that though his Endeavours had not had the deſired Effect, he hoped for a more favourable Turn; and that it was incumbent upon us to put ourſelves in a Condition to improve all Opportunities that ſhould offer, for maintaining the Liberties of *Europe*.' And he concluded thus: 'There never was a Time in which your Unanimity, Vigour and Diſpatch were neceſſary to ſo many great Ends, as theſe which are now before you: I will do my Part; let it appear by your Proceedings and Reſolutions, that you have that juſt and hearty Concern for them, which their Importance requires.'

Upon this both Houſes preſented moſt complaiſant Addreſſes, and received moſt gracious Anſwers, as uſual. Particularly the Addreſs of the Houſe of Peers was upon this Occaſion of a remarkable Length, and concluded thus: 'And we do, with a Zeal and Firmneſs to be never ſhaken, promiſe your Majeſty, that we will, at the Hazard of all that is dear to us, exert ourſelves for the Defence and Preſervation of your ſacred Perſon and Government, and the Maintenance of the Proteſtant Succeſſion in your Royal Houſe, on which the Continuance of the Proteſtant Religion, and the Liberties of *Great-Britain* do, under God, depend.'

But the Commons, in the Addreſs propoſed and agreed to by them, were not near ſo full, nor ſo very warm in their Expreſſions; and, as ſoon as the Motion for an Addreſs was agreed to by them, Mr. *Pulteney* moved, that the Houſe ſhould on the 21ſt of *January* then next, reſolve itſelf into a Committee of the whole Houſe, to conſider of the State of the Nation; which was agreed to *Nem. Con.*

December 9, The *Weſtminſter* Petition, complaining of the laſt Election of Members for that City, was preſented to the Houſe, and it was ordered to be heard at the Bar of the Houſe on the 15th. It took up ſeveral Days hearing, as both Parties uſed all their Intereſt, and all their Addreſs, the Court for ſupporting it, the Country Party for having it declared a void Election. At laſt, on the 22d, or rather the 23d in the Morning, the important Queſtion was put, and upon a Diviſion the Election was declared void by 220 to 216, ſo that the Court loſt this ominous Queſtion by *Four*; after which the High-Bailiff was ordered into Cuſtody, the three Juſtices of Peace who called the Soldiers, were reprimanded, and a Writ was ordered for a new Election, which came on the 31ſt, and Lord Viſcount *Percival* and *Charles Edwin*, Eſq; were choſen on the Country Intereſt without Oppoſition.

The Night after this Election was declared void, the whole City of *Weſtminſter* was illuminated, Bonfires almoſt in every Street, and as great Rejoicings as if we had obtained

Of Moderation *in our* Diſcourſes.

OUR *Diſcourſes* have (as a great *Influence* on our Minds, ſo) a great *Diſcovery* of them; *A Fool is known* (ſays the Wiſeman) *by the Multitude of Words*; and *in many Words there are divers Vanities:* 'Tis not to be underſtood *poſitively*, of many Words in themſelves; but *relatively*, of many Words more than the Matter requires: Man is a Creature naturally *ſocial* and *rational*, and ſo *communicative* of that his *Reaſon*, in that his *Society* and Words are the *Credentiaries* of that his *Communication:* Now where the Motion of the Wheels is ſo natural, there needs more a *Balance* than a *Fly*, a *moderating* more than a *multiplying* of the Motion. Here the *Rules* are again *two*, *Sufficiency* and *Pertinency*.

For the *firſt*, it was a right Cenſure that, which *Scaliger* paſſes on *Ovid* and *Virgil*, That the one knew *what* to ſay, but the other knew *what not* to ſay; and *enough* is better than *all:* It may ſeem a *Paradox*, but 'tis a very *Truth*, that though in Matter of Speech, *all* is more than *enough*, yet *enough* is as much as *all*. Long *Diſcourſes* are over-feathered Arrows, that over-ſhoot the *Mark*, and ordinarily loſe both Game and Labour by wearying the Attention. *Ariſtotle* anſwered the Man well, who having held him in a *long Diſcourſe*, and in the End begg'd his Excuſe; telling him, that he might have ſpar'd his *Apology* as well as all the *reſt*; for he had given no *Ear* at all to what he had *ſaid*. And 'twas a ſmart Reply that of *Theocritus*, who to an ill *Poet* repeating many of his Verſes, and aſking which he liked *beſt*, anſwered, thoſe which he had omitted. There may be in *Diſcourſe* poſſibly a Fault of Omiſſion, but 'tis ordinarily a right-hand Error; a Man may *ſometimes* be ſorry he ſaid no more, but very *often* that he had ſaid ſo much. *Galba*'s Speech was but *ſhort* and honeſt *(he would chuſe, and not buy Soldiers)* and yet, if we believe *Tacitus*, it was *too much*, for it cut his *Throat*. *Speech* (ſays *Seneca*) ſhould neither *freeze*, nor *flow:* 'Tis no good Sign in a Child to ſpeak before it can go.

The *ſecond Rule* is *Pertinence*, and *Diſaffectation* of Words; the *Piebaldneſs* of the *Charge* in *Heraldry*, reproaches often the Goodneſs of the *Field*. Our *Diſcourſe* ſhould be to the Matter, as Trimming to Clothes, rather *proper* than *gaudy*, rather *fit* than *fine*. When it may be ſaid of the *Diſcourſe*, as the Philoſopher of the Tragedy. *'Twas a good one, if a Man could have ſeen it for Words.* When (as the Poet ſaid of the over-dreſſed Woman) 'tis *the leaſt Part of itſelf*; like our old Church-windows, where the *Paint* often kept out the *Light*, it betrays its own *End*, and like an Eclipſe or Commet, it aſtoniſhes more than ſignifies. And as it betrays its *End*, ſo doth it no leſs the *Speaker* and *Hearers* both; the firſt is like *Ahimaaz*, that would needs carry News from the Battle to *David*, he *over-runs his Company* and Errand both; the *other* like him too, when he came to *David*, he can give no other Account of all he heard, but this, that *he heard a great Noiſe, but he knew not what*. *Affectation* in any Thing (eſpecially in Words) argues more of Ambition, than Ability; and diſcovers a *narrow* Soul, that is fain to take up Forms and Examples inſtead of *Reaſon*, and dares not write but by a *Copy*; and then 'tis much like that of the Aſs in the *Fable*, that thought he might leap into his Maſter's Lap, becauſe he ſaw the Dog made much of for doing ſo. *Affectation* in any Thing is the worſt Kind of Incongruity of all other, a Piece of *falſe Latin*, worſe than the worſt of *Barbariſm* itſelf. 'Tis a good Character, that which *Seneca* gives of *Fabian*, That his *Diſcourſe* was not negligent, but ſecure; his Words *choſen*, but not *affected*. An *Ape* that of all Creatures moſt imitates Man, yet of all other is the moſt deformed; and the *more* for that.

Of Moderation *in* Expence.

IT may ſeem below the Majeſty of *Prudence*, to conſider Matter of *Expence*; but conſider it aright, and we ſhall not find it ſo. *Expences* may ſeem but Drops (and even ſo they may wear out Stones in Time); but 'tis the Stream and *Current* of them that here is meant, and ſo the *Moderation* of them will be found to conduce much to all the *Ends* of *Prudence*; and it hath theſe two *Rules*, *Freedom* and *Frugality*. 'Tis *Prudence* to want nothing both when we have it, and when we have it not; and 'tis ſo too, to ſpend no more of what we have, than what we both *have*, and *need*.

For the *Firſt*, to ſpare of what a Man *hath*, not only what he *may* need, but what he *doth* need, is not only to walk with a Man's Horſe

in his Hand, bnt to carry the Saddle too. *Solomon* calls this *an Evil under the Sun*; and no marvel, for the *Sun* itſelf (that having enough, ſpares nothing of it either from itſelf or others) diſcovers it to be ſo. That which is we'l *laid out*, is beſt *laid up*; and of the *two*, 'tis a great deal bet'er to *die* a Beggar, than to *live* a *Beggar*. *A diligent Hand*, and a *diſtributive Heart*, make truly *Rich*. They were wont to condemn Villains to the Mines; but he that labours firſt to get it, and then locks up his Money from himſelf, condemns both *himſelf*, and *it*, back again to the *Mines*, as if he envied both their very Being above Ground: This is a worſe Kind of *Sequeſtration* than that of the *Committee*; it allows neither *Compoſition*, nor a *fifth* Part. *Either caſt in more Wood, or caſt in Frankincenſe*, (ſaid *Alexander* to his Hoſt that brought him to a fine painted Chimney, with a little Fire in it in cold Weather) uſe it either as a *Chimney*, or as an *Altar*; the beſt Revenue (ſays *Cicero)* is made up of a full *Contentment* with, and a free *Uſe* of, what we have. For the *Second*; to ſpend any more than what a Man *hath*, or *needs*, 'tis an odd Kind of Fore-caſt, a Providence of preventing his *Adminiſtrator*, and making himſelf his own *Executor*, and ſave the Labour of making a *Will*. *Frugality* (however of late it hath loſt its good Name) 'twas the old *Roman Virtue*, that huſbanded the *Empire* to its heighth: It had then a ſtanding Office to audit and level the Accounts of Mens *Expences* and *Revenues*; when the Plough, together with the Sword, triumph'd in *Cincinatus*, the Earth itſelf was ambitious to furniſh the Triumph with her Encreaſe, and to make *Induſtry* and *Frugality* Virtues. *Pride* and *Riot* are the two *rank Elders* that have ſlandered this *Virgin, (Frugality)* becauſe ſhe will not ſatisfy their *Luſts:* And (indeed) if we conſider aright, nothing doth more diſappoint and diſable them (both) from attaining their Deſires than this their Combination. *Pride* laſhes out in *Riot*, to draw Reſpect, and nothing loſes it more. *The Borrower is ſtill Servant to the Lender.* Who looks upon a Man as conſiderable in any Capacity, whether of *Friend* or *Enemy*, if his *Waſtfulneſs* make his Friendſhip more dangerous than his Enmity? Certainly *none* but ſuch as mean to blow him up thereby, to break and ſhare him. 'Tis an old Saying, An *Ounce* of *Debt* loſes a *Pound* of *Credit*. Money in a Man's Pocket obliges a *Friend*, and affrights an *Enemy*, more than all the gay *Breeches* beſides. The Way to keep a Man out of Priſon, is to look upon Debt as a Priſon; and indeed it is ſo, and (as *Tacitus* obſerves) puts a Man upon low, and *baſe*, and *diſhoneſt* Shifts, for *Supply:* I mean only ſuch Debt as is contracted by *Pride*, or *Riot*, (otherwiſe) a Man may get in, and come out ſafely, and poſſibly get in to come out (as *Cato* did by the Theatre.) I mean ſuch whoſe Rule it is, *Seldom to borrow with Purpoſe to pay*; and more ſeldom *to pay without borrowing more:* Yet I deny not but that there are ſome *Unthrifts* that pleaſe themſelves with Hopes at leaſt of getting out of Debt, by fancying to themſelves (I know not what) Reducements and *Contingencies*, and other ſuch remote *Poſſibilities*; but as *Socrates* (being aſked why one that had been long Abroad, had not more improved himſelf by Travel) anſwered, Becauſe he left not *himſelf* behind him when he went to Travel: So, could ſuch Men leave themſelves behind them, much might be done by ſuch Kind of Projects; but they are the ſame Men that contracted the Debt, who mean now to contract themſelves. I have ſeen (I confeſs) Men get out of Debt, that have been left in it, but never ſuch as did themſelves, by their own Riot, run into it. 'Twas well anſwered by *Cato*, to one that aſked him, Why *Cato* had not his Statues in the Market-place, as well as the other *Roman Conquerors?* Therefore (ſaid he) hath not *Cato* his Statues, becauſe *Cato* would rather have it aſk'd, why hath not *Cato* Statues, than why hath *Cato* Statues? And certainly, 'tis a great deal a better Queſtion concerning any Man, Why lives he not at a higher Rate of Expence? Than, Why lives he at ſo high a one? *Epaminondas* having great Preſents ſent him by *Artaxerxes*, he invited his Ambaſſadors to his poor *uſual Dinner*; which done, he bade them tell their Maſter, That ſuch a Dinner needed no *Bribes* to maintain it with. I will conclude with a ſharp, yet juſt Scoff, the Lord Treaſurer *Burleigh* put upon a *Kentiſh Knight*, who, having ſpent a great Eſtate at Court, and brought himſelf to *one* Park, and a fine Houſe in it, was yet ambitious to entertain the *Queen* at it; and to that Purpoſe had new painted his Gates with his *Coat of Arms*, and Motto over, written thus, OIA. VANITAS, in great Golden Letters; the *Treaſurer* offering to read it, deſired to know of the Knight what he meant by OIA; who told him it ſtood for *Omnia:* The Lord replied,

replied, Sir, I wonder having made your *Omnia* ſo little as you have, you notwithſtanding make your *Vanitas* ſo large.

To the TOWN.

——*Pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,*
And ſhuts the Scene. *Thomſon's* Seaſons.

IT is a melancholy Conſideration, and throws a Veil over the Excellencies of Life, to contemplate the ſhort Duration of human Perfections. I who late was bleſſed with a Verdure which looked like perpetual, which drew Crouds of Admirers to me, to whom I yielded the moſt pleaſing and healthful Returns of Kindneſs, am now about to reſign my Charms, and to ſink into a long Oblivion: I cannot forbear, in this my Addreſs to you, to ſpeak of myſelf, not as I am now, but as I have been; you know it is natural for thoſe who have paſſed the Autumn of their Charms, to call to their Remembrance the Years of Spring, the Days of Mirth, and the Hours of Love; it is a Conſolation which old Age enjoys; and were it not for that, the Winter of Life would be intolerable. I have been all that's gay, blooming and excellent; to me the Lover has oft poured his rapturous Sighs of Paſſion; I have heard him ſometimes Groan in the Agonies of Deſpair, and at other Times melt in the moſt enthuſiaſtick Fondneſs over his conſenting *Delia*, who has honoured him with a Smile.

My Situation, which is one of the moſt publick in the World, has given me Opportunities of making Obſervations, and the Multiplicity of my Viſitors furniſhed me with the Means of reading Life and Characters. My Health, I acknowledge, is very precarious, and depends ſo much upon the Weather, that I am not ſure of being in the ſame Frame for two Hours together; and whenever I am out of Humour, occaſioned by the Fickleneſs of the Day, I always diſcharge my Company, or abſolutely refuſe to admit them. This Summer, I muſt acknowledge, I have had a worſe State of Health than uſual, and to my great Mortification have been obliged to refuſe many People Admittance, whom otherwiſe I would have been proud to have ſeen. I am a Stranger to Hypocriſy of all Sorts, and I tell you, Mr. *Town*, as to you, I have often been obliged for ſo much Company, that there were ſome of them I liked, and others I hated, and deſire never again to ſee their Faces:—It is true, I refuſe my Favours to none who are pleaſed to come and aſk them; but I have Senſe enough to diſcern who makes a good Uſe, and who proſtitutes the Bleſſings I beſtow. Of all the Viſitors you have lately ſent me, I have an Averſion to thoſe Creatures called Women of the Town; it has often ſhocked me, and I hope ſoon to be able to remedy it, that ſuch Wretches may not be ſuffered to mix at my Levee with People of the beſt Faſhion, and to flaunt away as if they were not a Diſgrace to their Sex, and ought to be aſhamed to ſhew their Faces; but Thanks to my lower Order of Admirers, that Spawn of Beings has often met with their Deſerts; and when they came, in Order, by their artificial Colouring and pretended Blandiſhments, to make Conqueſts among my Male Friends, have met with Crowds of Starers, who have not paid them much Reſpect, and treated them with ſuch Severity, that they have been obliged to quit the Levee, and to carry their Impudence to ſome other Scene of Action. But tho' I approve of ſuch Treatment to ſuch Creatures, yet I have often bluſhed to find that Ladies of Quality, and Strangers of Condition, have ſometimes ſhared the ſame Fate. As I cannot help boaſting of my late Perfections, ſo I muſt beg Leave to be a little particular: There are ſome Parts of the Day in which I dreſs myſelf in Smiles more than in others; in the Morning I generally appear in all the Radiance of Health; there is a Bloom thrown round me that is exceſſively alluring, and they who never viſit me in the Morning are quite Strangers to me in my higheſt Perfection; the Diſeaſed and Weak cannot do better than to feaſt their Eyes upon me on that Occaſion; I have then got a Charm which adds Vigour to the Limbs, and chears the Heart with inexpreſſible Joy: I am then dreſt in the moſt beautiful Livery of Nature, and the Embroidery I then wear mocks all the Efforts of Art. At Noon I am apt to glow with Beauties too intenſe to be gazed on, and few then viſit, except ſome Saunterers, who know not how to kill the Hour, and pay me a bad Compliment by coming to ſee me, becauſe they have nothing elſe to do, nor are fit for any Thing beſides.

In the Evening I array myſelf in milder Majeſty; I put on a Look of greater Serenity; I am diſpoſed for Contemplation, and were all my

my Viſitors of my Mind, they would often throw their Eyes round them, and take in Ideas of the Munificence of Nature, which has poured ſuch a rich Profuſion of Charms over all the Landſcapes; their Hearts would often glow with Gratitude, and their Souls be raiſed to the *firſt Good, firſt Perfect, and firſt Fair.*

On *Sundays* I am crowded, not to ſay peſtered, with Multitudes; in the Evening of that Day of Reſt, all thoſe who are confined to the Drudgery of Buſineſs in the preceding Nights, hurry to pay their Court to me. My Company then are not always the moſt brilliant, being compoſed of People of ſuch Diverſity of Employments. I own I cannot but feel ſome Satisfaction on ſeeing ſo many People apparently happy; I wiſh them a Continuation of Health, tho' I ſometimes entertain Doubts that their viſiting me may prove fatal to their Innocence. I am no great Friend to Night-Gallantry; and as I deſire all my Company to depart at the Setting of the Sun, I entertain a bad Opinion of thoſe who teaze me afterwards; at that Time I myſelf want to go to Reſt, to hide my Head in Darkneſs, in Order that I may riſe with the new Day, dreſt in the Bluſhes of the Morning. But what avails my being thus particular in delineating myſelf? Winter is come at laſt, and is about to ſhut the Scene; I muſt prepare for a long Retirement, muſt be content to be forgot, while thoſe who once honoured me crowd the Theatres or ſparkle at the Concert: But it would be ungrateful not to take Leave of my gay Admirers, and I own I feel a Pang at parting. How many of thoſe languid Beauties, *who kept with me their pale-fac'd Court*, ſhall I never again behold! How many will Diſeaſe deprive me of! How many will Luxury deſtroy before I again make any Figure in gay Life! I am ready to ſhed a Tear; my Boſom heaves with an unaccountable Sorrow; O it is hard to part;—but yet we muſt part.—Farewel, all my gay, lovely Companions, may every Spirit of Kindneſs guard you thro' the Winter, and when you again return to me, may it be with Innocence, added Knowledge, and added Virtue. I could now weep over you, but I muſt have done.—A long Farewel.

'Tis done;—Dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt Glooms [Year;
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd
How dull the vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the Tuneful!—Horror wide extends
Her deſolate Domain;—*he comes at laſt,*
And ſhuts the Scene.

Leander *and* Ethelinda: *Or the diſaſtrous Story of two Lovers, as related by Leander to a Gentleman who accidentally met him in* St. James's Park.

THE Perſecution of Creditors, dear Sir, and the Inhumanity of a Parent, has reduced *Leander* to the deſpicable Situation in which you now behold him. Two Years have I languiſhed in a Goal; and what is more terrible, two Years has my amiable *Ethelinda* ſuffered for me Hunger, Cold and Nakedneſs. I married this Jewel of her Sex, after a Courtſhip, which I yet cannot reflect upon without Pleaſure; and believe me, I would rather again undergo all the Calamities with which I have been already oppreſs'd, than live one Day without her, or at leaſt without the Thoughts of her being mine. I married her in Oppoſition to the Authority of her Father, whoſe cruel Heart has not yet relented; and tho' he has been made acquainted with the poor Innocent's Diſtreſs, he has never diſcovered any Anxiety about her, or contributed in the leaſt to prevent her from periſhing. What will not Lovers do, whoſe Paſſions are ſtrong, mutually delicate and refined! I ſay, what will they not do for one another? My Fondneſs ſuggeſted a thouſand Pleaſures that would ariſe from our union; her Fancy likewiſe fed her with the Ideas of future Rapture: It was, perhaps, difficult to determine which of us loved with the greateſt Ardour; an Union therefore was affected. The Fruits of our Marriage ſoon diſcovered themſelves, and my *Ethelinda*'s Pregnancy procured her Diſmiſſion from her Parents Houſe. When we were thus toſs'd upon the World, we were without Friends, and almoſt without Money; my little Stock was quite exhauſted at the Time my Wife's Labour came on, and there perhaps never was Diſtreſs ſo acute as mine. There was a Neceſſity, however, to ſave Appearances, and till that melancholy Occaſion was over, not altogether to ſink into the Meanneſs of apparent Poverty: And oh! it is hard for thoſe who have been accuſtomed to Luxe like Perſons of Faſhion, and to keep ſuch Company as their Birth intitles them to; it is indeed

deed hard to mingle with the Vulgar, and to be obliged to drop thoſe outward Ornaments, which characteriſe genteel Life. Neceſſity, however, has no Law; and rather than periſh by Want, I was obliged to have recourſe to ſuch Expedients as I cannot think of without ſhuddering, and from which as yet I am not delivered. Judge the Miſery of one who loved like me, and who could do no more for the Happineſs of her he doated on: Every Tear from her Eye was like a Dagger to my Heart; every Sigh of Sorrow more pungent than the ſharpeſt Arrow in the Quiver of Diſeaſe. Not to detain you by minute Relations, I was arreſted by my Landlord, who was as void of Bowels as the Lion of the Deſart, and as much removed from Tenderneſs as if he had not had the human Form ſtamped upon him. I had no Time to apply to any whom I imagined would aſſiſt me; to a Goal I was hurried, and my other Creditors took the Alarm, and joined with the Brute that arreſted me in continuing my Confinement: My Landlord repreſented to them that I was a Sharper, that the Wife of my Boſom was a Strumpet, that my Principles were bad; and by the Aſſiſtance of Falſhood, ſo far biaſſed my other petty Creditors, as to make them ſubſcribe each a Sum to continue my Confinement. The Time came when the Law allows a Priſoner to ſue for a ſmall Pittance of Maintenance, and I found the Monſters diſpoſed to grant it, rather than ſet me at Liberty, tho' all the Debts I owed did not exceed 60*l.* In vain I remonſtrated and ſent them Letters, which would have melted any Hearts but thoſe of Adamant, eſpecially when it is conſidered that my *Ethelinda* was the Bearer, who, I believe, never failed to mingle Tears with her Supplications. I ſued in vain, nor did any of my old Companions, with whom many a Time I have toaſted the Beauties of the Day, ſo much as enquire whether I was or was not in Exiſtence. You may now imagine me ſuffering all the Rigour peculiar to Debtors who are entirely deſtitute of Money; inſulted by the Goaler, deſpiſed even by my Fellow Priſoners, and Hunger, the moſt inſupportable of Evils, continually oppreſſing me; my Bed was the Floor, and I had no Covering to hide me from the Cold: But in all this Diſtreſs, do you think my *Ethelinda* forſook me? No! Like the *Belvidera* of *Otway*, as I ſuffering lay, and ſwell'd with Sorrow,

> ——————*She crept to my Boſom,*
> *Poured the Balm of Love into my Soul,*
> *And kiſs'd me to my Reſt.*

I had no more than the Goal Allowance; my *Ethelinda* fared as I did, and there was no Pain I bore in which ſhe did not ſympathize; her tender Arms were the Pillows of my Head, while her delicate Boſom bled more for me than for her own Sufferings. A Twelvemonth and a half elapſed in this Miſery, and at laſt, tired with the Expences of my poor Support, the Monſters thought proper to grant me a Diſcharge; but even when this was effected, my Liberty was yet at a Diſtance; the Fees I could not pay, and now the Goaler uſed me with ſtill greater Severity, and ſeldom ſpoke to me without ſome opprobrious Terms; for which, had my Circumſtances been otherwiſe, I certainly had ſacrificed him to my Reſentment. It happened that my Wife in paying a Viſit to a diſtant Relation, was ſo fortunate, notwithſtanding her Dejection of Countenance and diſadvantageous Appearance, to ſtrike a Stranger, who, upon enquiring into her Circumſtances, and the Truth being told him, ſet us free; releaſed us from a horrible Dungeon, and profeſſed Friendſhip and Compaſſion for ſo miſerable a Couple. But here again I was unfortunate, his pretended Benevolence was no other than baſe Selfiſhneſs; he indeed put on the Appearance of ſuperlative Compaſſion, but it was only the Appearance; his Purpoſes were diſhonourable: He dared to addreſs my Wife, and made ſuch Propoſals to her as I cannot bear to think of; and if I ſhould again be thrown into a Dungeon and periſh with Want, I would not accept from him the ſmalleſt Pittance to ſupport me; my Wife's Honour is dearer to me than Life itſelf.

Theſe are the Sufferings I have already bore, theſe the Circumſtances I am now in; and I believe, of all the Wretches who breathe the open Air, I am ſupreme in Miſery; and unleſs Providence ſoon raiſes us a Friend, we are likely to become ſtill more wretched.— Here he ended with a Sigh, which was no other than the Eloquence of Diſtreſs. — *We were afterwards informed, that by a lucky Turn in his Affairs, this virtuous Youth was removed above Neceſſity.*

To the AUTHOR, *&c.*

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:
Eſt in juvencis, eſt in equis patrum
Virtus:————————Hor. Od. 4. Lib. 4.

SIR,

THE Strength, Health, and manly Beauty of the *Engliſh*, have been juſtly the Admiration of Foreigners; thro' the happy Temperature of our Air, and other ſpecial Bleſſings of Providence, no Nation has been able to Rival us. When *Milton* was at *Rome*, who was very remarkable for a fine Face, and the exact Symmetry of his Limbs, the Marquiſs of *Villa* revived an old Obſervation, *Non Anglus, ſed ercule Angelus.* But we are now no longer the ſame People, nor deſerve the ſame Eſteem; our Vices have conſumed our Strength, and deformed our Beauty.

A ſickly Frame may be originally induced by Hardſhips or Intemperance, but chiefly by the laſt; I ſuppoſe it has not often happened, that immoderate Exerciſe or inclement Seatons have injured a regular Man, provided he took neceſſary Precautions; but it is impoſſible a Courſe of Vice ſhould not ſpoil the beſt Conſtitution that was ever formed: And did the Evil terminate here, it would be a juſt Puniſhment for the Folly of the Sufferer; but when once a Diſtemper is contracted and riveted in the Habit, the ſame is entailed on all Poſterity. Stupid beyond Expreſſion certainly is the Man, whom neither Freedom from Pain, nor a Life of Tranquility, can perſuade to Sobriety; nor the moſt excruciating Diſtempers, and a Curſe on all ſucceeding Generations, can deter from Debauchery!

This laſt is, I think, the moſt weighty Conſideration;—for whatever ludicrous Pretence a Prodigal may contrive for ſquandering away his own Health or Fortune, he can find none for ruining thoſe of others: And ſuppoſe a Man did not injure his Circumſtances, but only his Conſtitution, and then leave a wretched infirm Offspring; is not this Man culpable? Is he not accountable for the Miſery he was Author of? Are the Children ſmall, conſumptive, ſcrophulous, or deformed, is it not an Evil? Are they unfit for the Buſineſs and Buſtle of the World, is it not a Misfortune? If Children are born certainly unhappy, had it not been better they were never born? For Non-exiſtence is preferable to Miſery.

In our matrimonial Contracts, it is amazing ſo little Regard is had to the Health and Form of the Object; our Sportſmen know the generous Racer cannot be bred out of the foundered Jade, nor the ſagacious Spaniel out of the ſnarling Cur. This is ſettled upon immutable Laws: If then our Dogs, our Cocks, our Horſes, *&c.* are ſo much valued for their Strength and Beauty, ought not our Children to be much more ſo? Suppoſe a Gentleman ſhould marry a Lady with 4 or 5000*l.* of ſickly Conſtitution, and deſcended of unhealthy Parents, whatever his private Fortunes were, can he be ſaid to have acted wiſely? Fix the Thing in every Point of View, and his Conduct is not juſtifiable: If Intereſt induced him, he ſurely will be diſappointed, becauſe a diſtempered Family is expenſive: If mere Love was his Motive, he will find Cauſe to repent; for acrimonious Juices naturally ſour the Temper, and good Humour is the very Eſſence of conjugal Felicity. Of theſe Ladies, I have ſeen ſome ſo devoid of natural Affection, that the Death of a kind Huſband and only Son, attended with Advantage, has proved Matter of Joy and Pride. Puny, ſcrophulous Women are generally libidinous, and ſometimes fertile; and ſhould our ſuppoſed Gentleman have half a Score of Children, his Houſe would be converted into an Infirmary, his Family always ſick or dying; and ſhould one or two of the numerous Iſſue languiſh into Life, and ſtruggle thro' Corruption, they will be unfit for any Employ, rotten Members, and pernicious to Society. If he is a Man of Underſtanding, this muſt fill his Mind with painful Reflexions, he will ſilently wiſh he had married a Lady of ſound make, and fine Diſpoſition, with only as many Hundreds, or nothing at all, whoſe Sons might have been ſerviceable to their Country, and an Honour to human Nature.

The *Jews*, by the poſitive Direction of the Almighty, were forbid to have any Manner of Commerce with the Diſeaſed; and indeed to this, all flouriſhing Kingdoms have had a ſpecial Regard. Wiſe Lawgivers have actually prohibited the Marriage of morbid People. This is an Evil of a complicated Kind, a natural Deformity and political Miſchief, and therefore requires a national Conſideration; for if ſome Method is not taken to ſtop the growing Ill,

firſt the Suppreſſion of Vice, and aftewards unhealthy Cohabitations, in a Century more, it is vaſtly to be feared, our Iſland, whoſe Inhabitants once naked, and in a Manner unarmed, repelled the braveſt Legions, headed by the Conqueror of the World, will become an Hoſpital of Invalids, and their Lives and Fortunes a Prey to the firſt Invader.

Miniſters of State, that have invented the moſt ingenious Methods of exacting Money, and raiſing Contributions from the Subject, have been held in Eſteem; but that Politician, who can find out a proper Remedy for this Complaint, will deſerve a Monument, will be ſtiled *pater patriæ*, and receive the Bleſſings of all future Generations.

I am, SIR,

Yours, *&c.*

To the AUTHOR, *&c.*

SIR,

AS the following may conduce to the Good of many, I hope you will give it a Place.

Travelling laſt Week between *Farnham* in *Surrey*, and *Odiham* in *Hants*, I providentially loſt my Way, and came to a Place called *Dipley-Mill*, where a female Voice invaded my Hearing with the moſt piercing Cries. At firſt, as it was a lonely Place, I imagined there were Thieves in the Houſe; but that Thought as quickly vaniſhed as it was conceived, and I fancied ſome Woman, ignorant of the Manner of a Mill, had got her Cloaths within the Wheels, and that it was over-powering her. I jumped off my Horſe, and was ſoon in the Mill, with my Penknife in my Hand, ready to cut the Perſon's Cloaths, and clear 'em from the Wheel; when I ſaw a Woman in a frantick Poſture, and an old Miller of Seventy Years of Age, as much ſtupified as ſhe was agitated. My firſt Conception was obliterated by the Sight of a dead Child, that hung acroſs her Arm, and her crying out, *O Lord! I have loſt my Huſband, and now my Child is drowned. I'll live no longer! I'll drown myſelf!* And throwing herſelf forcibly againſt the Ground, on the Verge of a large Head of Water, had nearly affected her Reſolution, if I had not catched hold of her Arm and prevented it. Upon this, I reaſoned with her to mollify her Sorrow, and preſerve herſelf, but finding ſhe grew worſe by that Kind of Perſuaſion, I recurred to the Child, and told her it would come to itſelf again in a little Time: Not that I really did believe it it ever would do ſo, but try'd this Method to comfort her: For the Hands were as black as a Shoe with congealed Blood, or ſomething like it; the Eyes were ſet, and the Tongue partly out of the Mouth. However, to carry on the Fallacy, I ordered the Miller to hold it up by the Heels, and drain ſome of the Water out of it, as I had heard was the Practice in like Caſes, but without any hopeful Effect, a very few Drops only ouſing ſlowly from the Paſſages of the Head. On this I recollected what I had read ſome few Years ſince concerning drowned Perſons; and thereupon ordered the Woman to fetch a Pair of Bellows: But having no Faith in ſo unlikely a Remedy, ſhe refuſed to go for ſome Time, and then ſent a little Girl of four Years old, who made no Haſte to return. When the Bellows came, I immediately directed the Woman to apply them to the Poſteriors of the Child: And after half a Score Blaſts it began to Sigh; and ſoon after moved the Mouth and Eyes; the Bellows being ſtill kept to Work, till it began to cry Luſtily and enter into full Life again. I then ordered the Mother to pull off the wet Cloaths and put it into a warm Bed. On taking my Leave I expected the Woman would have thanked me in the uſual Manner, but being in a lonely Place, where Breeding of that Sort is perhaps unknown, ſhe only ſaid to the Miller her Man, *'Tis well the Mon happened to come this Woy.*

Cirenceſter, May 28. G.S.G.

A Letter *from a* LADY.

From the Antelope at Wickham.

ALAS! The Tranſition!—From Yeſterday *Henrietta-ſtreet*, Mrs. *L.* and Mrs. ——, to a natty Inn, the officious Mrs. *Mary*, damp Sheets, and perhaps the Itch before Morning. Yet ſay not I want Reſolution; never Virtue had more. Sick to Death from the Moment you left me, Head-ach beyond Deſcription, five Men and two Women to compliment my Way thro' in the Afternoon; yet boldly ruſhed thro' them all, and took my Place in the Stage-coach

coach myſelf. After all, loſt five Shillings Earneſt by a Blunder, went in the wrong Coach at laſt, and ſuch a Morning!—But then I had worſhipful Society! All ſilent and ſick as myſelf; for which I thank'd my Stars; for if they had ſpoke, I had been murder'd. Mrs. —— had almoſt talked me into Non-exiſtence Yeſterday Morning; and I had been totally annihilated, if you had not come in and reſtored me to my Identity. Pray tell her this, in Revenge for my Head-ach.

All our Friends that we took up in the Morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we ſet out upon the Journey of Life: and now I've only a young Student of Oxford, to finiſh the Evening of my Day with, and prepare for the grand Events of Tomorrow. I've juſt been eating a boil'd Chicken with him, and talking about *Homer* and Madam *Roland*; and am now retir'd with Mrs. *Mary* to my Bed-chamber, whom I ſhall diſmiſs, with her Warming-pan, in a Moment. If you don't permit me to pour out the preſent Set of Ideas upon all this Paper, I'm inconſolable; for I've no Book, and was too abſent till now to think I ſhould want one.—How ſudden, and how capricious are the Tranſitions of this mortal Stage! Pleaſure and Pain are parted but by a ſingle Moment. *Windſor*, *Fern-hill*, *Brook-ſtreet*, and your Grey-gown, are no more; nor with all Mr. *Locke*'s Aſſociations, can I aſſociate a ſingle Idea of the paſt with the preſent. Even Lady —— is defunct. And yet ſhe might—But ſhe is no more; *& de mortuis nil niſi bonum*,

While Virtue ſhines, or ſinks beneath - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

This Effort of Poetry, and that Scrap of *Latin*, which I don't underſtand, has ſo exhauſted my Forces, that I find myſelf gradually ſinking into the Arms of Sleep, and muſt now reſign to the gentle Power of Dreams.

Obſervations *on* Government.

AN exact Adminiſtration, and good Choice of proper Inſtruments, doth inſenſibly make the Government in a Manner abſolute without aſſuming it.

The beſt Definition of the beſt Government is, that it hath no Inconveniencies but ſuch as are ſupportable; but Inconveniencies there muſt be.

The Intereſt of the Governors and the Governed is in Reality the ſame, but by Miſtakes on both Sides it is generally very differing. He who is a Courtier by Trade, and the Country Gentleman who will be popular, right or wrong, help to keep up this unreaſonable Diſtinction.

There are as many apt to be angry at being well, as at being ill governed. For moſt Men to be well governed muſt be ſcurvily uſed.

As Mankind is made, the keeping it in Order is an ill-natured Office.

It is like a great Galley, where the Officers muſt be whipped with little Intermiſſion, if they will do their Duty.

It is in a diſorderly Government as in a River, the lighteſt Things ſwim at the Top.

A Nation is beſt to be judged by the Government it is under at the Time. Mankind is moulded to good or ill, according as the Power over it is well or ill directed. A Nation is a Maſs of Dough, it is the Government that kneadeth it into Form.

To the AUTHOR, *&c.*

SIR,

AS there have lately been many melancholy Accounts of Miſchief done by the Bite of mad Dogs, and as the following Receipt has been uſed in one Family for upwards of 80 Years with ſuch Succeſs, as never to have been known to fail, the publiſhing of it may be of great Benefit to Mankind in General, as well as the animal Creation.

Yours, *&c.*

A Receipt *for the Bite of a Mad Dog.*

Take the youngeſt Shoots of the Elder Tree, ſtrip it of the outſide Bark, then take of the green Rind two large Handfuls, put it in five Pints of ſtrong Ale, let it ſimmer together about fifteen Minutes; ſtrain off the Liquor, ſqueezing the Rind dry; when Cold, put it into Bottles, and drink half a Pint Morning and Evening made warm, waſhing the Part affected with ſome of the Liquor. The Patient ſhould be kept warm, and the Medicine to be repeated every new and full of the Moon for two or three Times.

The ſame as the above may be obſerved in regard to large Cattle, only giving them a Pint to drink inſtead of half a Pint.

The

The *BRITISH* MUSE:

Containing original Poems, and ſelect Pieces from the moſt celebrated Engliſh POETS.

A Deſcription *of a* Summer's Morning.

NOw early Light the purpl'd Skies diſplay;
From Night's ſhort Interruption, breaks the Day;
The Sun his orient Rays remotely ſpreads,
And gaily gilds th' aerial Mountains Heads;
His riſing Beams reveal the ripen'd Yèar;
Lo! all its Beauty, Wealth, and Pomp appear!
While chequer'd Verdure, bluſhing Fruits, and Corn,
The Garden, th' Orchard, and the Field adorn:
Now the ſhrill Cock, by his triumphant Cries,
Warns, with the Day, the lab'ring Swain to riſe;
The waking Swains their daily Toils renew;
The Meadows glitter with the pearly Dew;
The chearful Birds (their Neſts relinquiſh'd) rove;
The Stream re-viſit, re-ſalute the Grove:
With odorif'rous Wings, the Zephyrs fly;
Joy fills each Heart, and Pleaſure ev'ry Eye;
While faireſt Scenes are raviſhingly view'd,
Earth ſeems uncurs'd, and Paradiſe renew'd.

Of a Winter's Morning.

THE bleak North-eaſt with nipping Rigour reigns,
Congeals the Ponds, and cruſts the Fields and Plains;
The Sun (in Miſts ariſing) faintly ſees
Each Cottage tipt with Snow—the leafleſs Trees
Silver'd with Froſt—the Fowler, for his Prey,
With ſtealing Steps, explores the roughen'd Way;
The Milk-maid he, reſembling *Daphne*, ſpies,
With freſhen'd Vigour in her Cheeks and Eyes:
Now curling Smoak from Cottages aſcends,
And kindled Fire his failing Heat amends:
The tender Gentry, tim'rous of the Cold,
Cling to their Neſts—th' athletick Swain more bold,
To the near Farm, or diſtant Market hies,
His Limbs infolded with defenſive Frize;
With ſturdy Strides he tramples o'er the Mound,
And beats, with iron Hoof, the clatt'ring Ground;
The houſhold Maid induſtriouſly prepares
To regulate her neceſſary Cares:
While th' idle Landlord, or the ſottiſh 'Squire,
Slugs in the Bed, or hovers o'er the Fire.

On Seeing three Young LADIES *walking in* N——th——nſhire.

NOt on Mount *Ida*, but on *S—r—n* Hill,
I ſaw three Goddeſſes cloſe by the Mill,
From whence a wide extended Proſpect lies,
Determin'd only by ſurrounding Skies.
Juno walk'd foremoſt, round her ſlender Waiſt,
A Jacket button'd with gold Trimming lac'd;
Tall and genteel her Shape, a graceful Mien,
She look'd a Goddeſs, and ſhe mov'd a Queen;
Had ſhe been wed to *Jove*, he ne'er had rang'd,
Nor into Swan nor Shower his Godſhip chang'd.
Next her was *Pallas*, in her Hand a Book,
Divine her Air, ſedate, yet ſweet her Look:
Wrought by herſelf, a Pen-ten-l'air ſhe wore,
With variegated Flow'rs embroider'd o'er:
A Maid ſo lovely, with an Angel's Mind,
Thrice happy *Strephon!* if for Thee deſign'd.
Venus approach'd—no Numbers can expreſs
Her Beauty far ſurpaſſing ev'ry Dreſs:
Such Symmetry of Charms! ſuch radiant Eyes!
Paris again would give to her the Prize;
If at this Interview again he'd been,
Troy might another ten Years Siege have ſeen.

Fair Hebe. *A Song.*

FAir *Hebe* I left with a cautious Deſign,
To eſcape from her Charms, and to drown 'em in Wine.
I try'd it, but found when I came to depart,
The Wine in my Head, and ſtill Love in my Heart.
I repair'd to my Reaſon, intreated her Aid,
Who paus'd on my Caſe, and each Circumſtance weigh'd;
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my Pray'r,
That *Hebe* was faireſt of all that was Fair.
That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your Counſel to find out a Fault.
If that's all, quoth Reaſon, return as you came,
To find Fault with *Hebe* would forfeit my Name;
What Hopes then, alas! of Relief from my Pain,
While, like Light'ning, ſhe darts thro' each throbbing Vein?
My Senſes ſurpriz'd in her Favour took Arms,
And Reaſon confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

The Happy Couple. *A New Song.*

WHen Morn her Sweets ſhall firſt unfold,
And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold,
On tufted Green, O! let me play,
And welcome up the jocund Day.
Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
Ariſe my Fair, ariſe and prove,
The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
The beſt of Bleſſings here below.
To ſome clear River's verdant Side,
Do thou my happy Footſteps guide;
In Concert with the purling Stream,
We'll ſing, and Love ſhall be the Theme:
E'er Night aſſumes her gloomy Reign,
When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain;
We'll to the Myrtle Grove repair,
For Peace and Pleaſure wait us there.
The laughing God there keeps his Court,
And little Loves inceſſant ſport;
Around the winning Graces wait,
And calm Contentment guards the Seat.
There loſt in Exſtaſies of Joy,
While tendereſt Scenes our Thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the Hour our Loves begun,
The happy Moment made us one.

The SPIDER.

THE Sun had left the weſtern Road,
And drove his Steeds to reſt;
When *Charlot* on her Bed was laid,
With downy Sleep oppreſt.
Full o'er her Head a Spider dwelt,
Secure from Bruſh or Broom,
By heedleſs *Sarah* undeſcry'd,
Whene'er ſhe ſwept the Room.
This Spider's Citadel was large,
And cunningly contriv'd,
T' enſnare the heedleſs wand'ring Fly,
Upon whoſe Spoils he thriv'd.
Now bent on Prey, one luckleſs Night,
This bloody-minded Wretch,
Peep'd from his Battlements above,
Nor dream'd—*Harm watch, Harm catch.*
He *Charlot* ſpy'd full faſt aſleep,
Her milk-white Boſom bare,
A freſh'ning Bloom o'erſpread her Cheek,
And looſely fell her Hair.
Charm'd with the Sight, his Bowels yearn,
From whence he ſpins a Thread,
On which he glides as ſwift as Thought
Down to the ſleeping Maid.
So Grandſire *Jove*, tranſported much
By ſome fair Mortal's Charms,
Deſcended on a Sun-beam down,
And ſunk into her Arms.
And now he travels o'er her Breaſt
With Wonder and Delight,
And on her Tucker, in a Fold,
Repos'd his Limbs all Night.
Snug was the Word, and up he rolls
His Carcaſe full of Ill;
So round and black, ſhe might have took
His Worſhip for a Pill.
But now the Nymph begins to wake,
And lift her radiant Eyes;
Nor can I here in Language paint
How great was her Surprize.
But this I will affirm, had ſhe
An armed Man eſpy'd there,
'Twou'd not have ſcar'd her half ſo much
As this vile lurking Spider.
In ſhort, ſhe ſhriek'd, and *Sarah* ran
Impatient to her Aid;
But when ſhe ſaw the hideous Thing,
She likewiſe was diſmay'd.
At Length, with equal Courage arm'd,
They daſh'd him on the Floor;
Lie there, quoth *Charlot*, Miſcreant vile,
And welter in thy Gore.
Yet, ere I take thy forfeit Life,
This full Conviction gain,
That Fraud, and Guile, and Cobweb Art,
May flouriſh long in vain.
The ſage Advice the Spider heard,
As on the Floor he lay;
But juſt as *Sarah* reach'd the Tongs,
He wiſely march'd away.

A REBUS.

THree jolly *Cantabs*, one Day riding along,
Says one to the other, 'let's call for a Song';
Each making Excuſe, that their Voices were bad,
They changing the Subject, this *Rebus* they had.
The Sportſman's Diverſion when Harveſt is in,
For till that is over he'll never begin,
Then think of the Word which in Betting when ſpoke,
The Bet is made good and not paſs'd as a Joke;
Now find out the Place, this you cannot but do,
'Tis the Name of the Town they were going unto. *Nhoi Lenoloc.*

The Author of the above Rebus *would be glad of an Anſwer to it in our next Magazine.*

Chrono-

Chronological Diary of Foreign and Domeſtick Affairs.

Political State of Foreign Affairs.

Venice, September 13.

WE learn from Conſtantinople that it has been diſcover'd, that the black Eunuchs were Favourers of the Plot which was form'd in the Seraglio, and that the Grand Seignior, in order to puniſh them according to their Temerity, had cauſed eighteen of them to be ſtrangled and their Bodies to be thrown into the Sea. According to theſe Advices, the Cataſtrophe of the Kiſlar Agaſi has been followed by that of almoſt all his Favourites, both in this Capital, and in the Provinces. One amongſt the reſt was Jacob Aga, one of the Bankers of the Porte, who was arreſted, and obliged by Torments to diſcover all he knew of the immenſe Riches of the Kiſlar Agaſi. After having extorted from him all, they ſtrangled him, and threw his Body into the Sea, The new Grand Vizir is in the higheſt Degree of Credit. This convincingly appeared by the Neceſſity which the Grand Seignior has lately been under of baniſhing Bekir Baſhaw, heretofore Grand Admiral, and who married one of the Siſters of his Sublime Highneſs.

We have juſt received Advice, that the famous Baſhaw of Rhodes, has been arreſted by the Grand Seignior's Orders, and has been ſent Priſoner to a Caſtle upon the Coaſt of the Sea of Marmora, his Sublime Highneſs having diſcovered that he had encouraged the Janiſſaries to mutiny, and becauſe there was, in other Reſpects, every Thing to fear from his ambitious and enterprizing Spirit.

Liſbon, Auguſt 22. According to Letters from Seville, his Catholick Majeſty has forbid his Subjects all manner of Communication with Gibraltar upon Pain of Death. This rigorous Prohibition has been thought neceſſary upon Account of the Algerine Corſairs being admitted to enter into that Port, though the Plague continues to rage violently in their Country.

Leghorn, Sept 8. The Iſland of Corſica is at preſent divided into three Factions; the firſt is that of the Republick; the ſecond is the French Faction, and the third is newly formed, conſiſting of the Communities of the Center of the Iſland. This laſt, which oppoſes the other two, has juſt publiſh'd a Manifeſto in the following Terms: 'The 'critical Situation that this Iſland is in, makes it 'neceſſary for ſome affectionate Children of their 'Country to riſe up and ſhew that they are not 'degenerated from the Virtues of their Anceſtors: 'Let all thoſe who have the Good of their Nation 'ſincerely at Heart, demonſtrate that they are 'worthy of the Name of Corſicans! Let thoſe who 'call themſelves Genoeſe, or by any other foreign 'Name, be looked upon as unworthy Sons who 'deny their own Mother! We cut them off from 'the Midſt of us: We will have no Communication 'with them; and we look upon them as cowardly 'Wretches, who have deviated from their Ori-'gin; we will purſue them wherever we find them, 'until they return to their Duty, and join us to 'defend the common Herritage of our Fathers. 'The Valour of the Corſicans is alone ſufficient to 'deliver the Nation from the Tyranny to which 'ſo many Attempts are made to ſubject it, It is 'ſolely from their Courage that the Re-eſtabliſh-'ment of Peace and Proſperity is to be expected: 'All thoſe, therefore, whom the vain Hope of 'ſeeing a Pacification has ſeduced, ought to rec-'tify their Error, and at length acknowledge, that 'every Nation who takes Foreigners for Arbiters, 'takes the firſt Step towards Slavery, and does not 'deſerve to enjoy the Condition of Free Men.

Geneva, Sept. 20 The Duke of Richmond and d'Aubigny, after having paſſed ſeveral Months at this Academy, where he has made a conſiderable Progreſs in Learning, is preparing to ſet out from hence, in order to paſs the Winter at Paris, from whence he intends afterwards to return to England.

Hanover, Sept. 21. According to the Advice which we daily receive from Gohrde, the King continues to enjoy perfect Health there. The Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle is recover'd of her late Indiſpoſition.

Warſaw, Sept. 16. Letters from the Ukrain adviſe, that the Haidamacks have made a freſh Incurſion there, and have plundered the two Towns of Murachwa and Thiworow. The Peaſants of Podolia are ſo irritated againſt theſe Robbers that having taken two of them, they cauſed one to be roaſted alive.

Hanover, Sept 22. Since the King went to Ghorde, the foreign Miniſters in general, more eſpecially thoſe of France and Spain, entertain one another by Turns in a very ſplendid Manner.

The Count de Schulembourg, who, in Hunting with the King, had lately the Misfortune to be thrown from his Horſe, and thereby received ſeveral Contuſions on the Head, is now out of Danger. 'Tis aſſur'd, that we ſhall ſoon again ſee here the Baron de Wreeden, and immediately after the Return of that Miniſter, the laſt Hand will be put to the Convention touching the Pretenſions of the Elector Palatine, his Maſter.

Utrecht, Sept. 27. As the King of Great Britain has

has the Succeſs of adjuſting the Pretenſions of the Elector Palatine very much at Heart, it's not doubted but that the Empreſs Queen will agree to the principal Articles. As ſoon as the final Conſent of the Court of Vienna ſhall arrive at Hanover, Notice will be given of it at Manheim, to the End that the Elector Palatine may ſend his Miniſter with the neceſſary full Powers, in order to ſign the Convention at Hanover, before the Departure of the King of Great Britain for England. This Elector being once ſatisfy'd, it's not doubted but that the Elector of Cologn will join his Concurrence, and act in Concert with the other Electors, who are convinced of the Neceſſity of proceeding, without Delay, to the Election of a King of the Romans.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Worceſter, Sept. 28. The young Woman mentioned to have been committed to Gaol laſt Fair Day, as a Pick-pocket, being viſited by three or four of her Countrymen, (of the Kingdom of Ireland) they concerted a Scheme for her Eſcape laſt Monday Evening, which was partly effected in the following Manner: Theſe Fellows, after ſtaying with her two or three Hours, pretended taking their Leave of her, and (out of great Complaiſance) ſhe would wait on them to the Gate. As ſoon as the Gate was unlocked, one of the Fellows ſeized the Turnkey by the Throat, whilſt the reſt kept the Gate open 'till the Woman went out, who, taking to her Heels, ran up the Shambles, and through a Paſſage into the High-ſtreet, croſſing into another Entry, where (being cloſely purſued) ſhe was taken, and carried back to Goal; but her dear Countrymen eſcaped, though ('tis ſaid) two or three of them are well known, and may ſhortly, perhaps, have an Opportunity of making her a longer Viſit.

Newcaſtle, Sept. 30. On Thurſday Morning Owen Macdonald, was executed on the Town Moor, for the Murder of Mr. Parker, a Cooper, of this Town, by ſtabbing him with a Knife in a Quarrel that happened at Mr. Pinkney's, in the Pig-Market, between him and another of the ſame Name and Trade as the former. His Body was carried to the Surgeon's Hall, and there diſſected according to his Sentence. This unfortunate Youth was about nineteen Years of Age, appear'd, during all the Time of his Confinement, deeply affected with a true Senſe of his Guilt, and regretted much the murder'd Perſon, whom he declar'd to be no Cauſe of the Quarrel between him and Mr. Parker; but at the Gallows his Behaviour, in endeavouring to throw the Executioner from the Ladder, was unbecoming one juſt on the Brink of Eternity; however, as it was generally and juſtly believed, that he was groſly irritated to the Perpetration of the Crime for which he ſuffer'd, his unhappy End was pitied by every one.

Harwich, Sept. 30. Among other Loſſes ſuſtained at Sea by the late high Winds, that of a Sonderland Collier was attended with the following Circumſtances: She was wreck'd on the Banyard Sands, off the Coaſt of Zealand; and the Crew, conſiſting of the Captain and ten Men, all periſhed but one, who was taken up by the Dolphin Packet, Capt. Cockerel, and brought aſhore here a few Days ago. This poor Wretch had floated on a Piece of the Wreck from Seven o'Clock on Wedneſday Morning till Ten the Saturday Morning following. He had got upon it, with two more, one of whom was ſoon waſhed off, and the other was found dead by his Side at the Time he was taken up. When the Captain deſcried the Wreck it was a great Way off, and not knowing what to make of it, he had once reſolved not to delay his Paſſage by looking after it; 'till, by the Help of his Glaſs, he thought he diſcerned ſomething alive upon it, and then ordered the Boat out to ſee what it was. The poor Man had loſt his Senſes; ſo that when they came up to him with the Boat, he ſtruck at them, ſaying, what did they mean to moleſt him in his own Coble; that he knew where he was, that he was off Scarborough, about his own Buſineſs, and would not be forced aboard any other than a King's Ship. They told him they were a King's Tender, and were come to preſs him. Nay then, he ſaid, he muſt go; and called out to the other, who lay dead by his Side; Come, Jack, awake, it is a King's Ship, there is no Help for it, and we muſt go aboard. It was ſome Time before he was brought to his right Mind, and then he related the Particulars of the Wreck; and added withal, that on Thurſday in the Evening he was within hearing of a Dutch Merchant-man, but could not, by Shouts or Signs, make known to them his Diſtreſs. During the Time he was upon the Wreck, which was for three Days and Nights, he was often near drowning by the Waves waſhing over him; and the laſt Thing he remembers was, a Reſolution he took to lie down and ſurrender himſelf to the Mercy of the Sea. He has had a good deal of Money collected for him in the Town, and was Yeſterday taken on board a Veſſel bound for Sunderland to carry home the melancholy News of this ſad Diſaſter.

Bath, Oct. 2 Notwithſtanding we have had the agreeable Satisfaction of being viſited by his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland, yet his ſhort Stay was a great Diſappointment to Numbers of People, who came with full Hopes of ſeeing him. The City was prodigiouſly thronged on Monday, and particularly on Tueſday; but his Royal Highneſs departed from hence at 5 o'Clock that Morning, and arrived the ſame Day at Windſor about Noon, which is upwards of eighty meaſured Miles.

Miles.——His travelling from Windſor hither on Sunday; his being incommoded by the vaſt Concourſe of People, who were preſſing to ſee him on Monday, as he walked thro' various Parts of the City; and his Return to Windſor on Tueſday, muſt undoubtedly be a very great Fatigue. But we ſtill entertain the pleaſing Hope, that his Royal Highneſs will again honour this City with another Viſit of a much longer Duration.

Richard Naſh, Eſq; cauſed ſome curious Fire-works to be play'd off on Monday Night, on account of the Duke's Arrival here.

Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Amelia will continue here ſome time longer.

LONDON.

A Proclamation is iſſued out by the Lords of the Regency for the Peers of Scotland to meet at Holy-rood Houſe at Edinburgh upon the 16th of November next, between the Hours of Twelve and two in the Afternoon, to nominate and chuſe another Peer of Scotland to ſit and vote in this preſent Parliament of Great-Britain, in the room of his Grace Coſmo-George Duke of Gordon, deceaſed.

On Saturday 7-night in the Morning about One o'Clock a Fire broke out at Mr. Smith's, Coach-maker, in Whitechapel Road, which burnt with great Violence, and for want of Water conſumed the ſame with two Houſes in Front, and four others backwards; alſo the Brewhouſe of Mr. Quick, at the Prince of Orange, and the Storehouſes of Mr. Edwards. A Woman was detected in robbing Mr. Chorkley, one of the unfortunate Perſons burnt out, of a Bed and Wearing Apparel, and the ſame Day was committed to New Priſon by Sir Samuel Gower.

The Dome at the new Horſe Guards is carrying on, and is to be an Octagon, and to be raiſed 170 Feet high from the Foundation.

Laſt Week two Boatſwains, and their two Servants, going in their Boat from Chatham to Sheerneſs in the hard Gale of Wind, the Boat overſet and they were all drown'd. One of them was Boatſwain of the Dolphin Man of War.

On Saturday 7-night was committed by John Mair, Eſq; Mayor of Graveſend, a Waterman, who, with another not yet taken, robbed a poor Man of Five Shillings and three Halfpence. They had agreed to carry him over the Water to Tilbury for Four Shillings, which was depoſited in the Hands of a Perſon, to be paid them on their Return; but when they had got him into the Boat, and very near the oppoſite Shore, they threatened him, with ſeveral Imprecations, to hang him up unleſs he immediately paid them a Guinea over and above the Four Shillings, and on his Refuſal continued rowing backwards and forwards near three Hours, which ſo intimidated him as to Occaſion his giving them the above Sum, which was all he had in his Pocket; they afterwards demanded the Four Shillings of the Perſons in whoſe Hands it was depoſited.

By a private Letter from Norwich we are informed, that the Journeymen Wool-Combers of that City, mentioned to have retired to a Heath, where they erected Booths, and lived without committing any Irregularities, have, upon their Maſters ſending to them, and promiſing their uſual Wages, ſhared their Bank between them, amounting to 1 l. 5 s. per Man, and are returned to their Buſineſs, to the great Joy of that City.

By the Accounts from Stourbridge-Fair in Worceſterſhire, we hear that all Sorts of Goods ſold very bad, particularly Woollen-Goods and Hops. There was the greateſt Quantity of Wool ever known by the oldeſt Man living, which ſold for 3 s. 6 d. per Tod under laſt Year's Price; and it's thought it will be ſtill lower, as Trade is very bad both in Yorkſhire and Somerſetſhire, two of the greateſt Clothing Counties in England; ſo that the Wool-Ingroſſers will be in a fine Hole this Year, as well as the laſt.

Laſt Week a Gentleman and a young Lady coming through Catherine-ſtreet, a Chairman uſed a Piece of uncommon Indecency towards the Lady, which the Gentleman reſented by caning him heartily; the Chairman ſtripped to fight, but finding the Gentleman ready to ſtrip alſo, he thought proper with all poſſible Expedition to walk off.

Laſt Week the famous Miſs D———re, once more made her Appearance before Juſtice Cox, having been charged the Night before, by a Gentleman in the Strand, and brought to St. Martin's Round-houſe, for quarrelling and breeding a Riot at his Door. The Gentleman was good-natured enough to forgive her, and ſhe was diſcharged. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that this Time ſhe had ſo much the Command of her Temper, as not to ſwear an Oath, a Crime ſhe has very often paid dearly for; though ſhe ſeemed to be much enraged for being brought in a Priſoner, and very much in Liquor: When ſhe was diſcharged, a Gentleman, unwilling to have her expoſed to a numerous Mob, called a Chair for her: This is the fourth Time within theſe three Months, that this celebrated Courtezan has made her Appearance before this Juſtice. She is a Woman made up of Inconſiſtencies; ſhe has fine natural Parts, and, like *Welſted*'s Chloe, ſhe repents and ſins, and ſins and repents again.

On Tueſday 7-Night the Quarter-Seſſions for the County of Surry were held at Kingſton, when various Petitions were preſented to them by the Maſters of ſeveral Places of publick Entertainment, for Licences to exhibit next Summer; when their Worſhips were moſt graciouſly pleaſed to

ſhew

ſhew particular Favours to Vaux-Hall, Dulwich-Wells, Richmond Playhouſe, Putney Bowling-Green, &c. the Proprietors of thoſe ſeveral Places having appear'd in Court with moſt ſatisfactory Characters to their Worſhips.

The Particulars of an odd Affair which lately happen'd in W———re, having been variouſly reported in Relation to a young Gentleman, the following is the Subſtance of the Affair, as declared by the unfortunate young Woman when upon her Death-Bed: She was addreſſed by the above Gentleman, whom ſhe too precipitately took to her Embraces, and was three Times with Child by him, and from whom ſhe took Things every Time to cauſe Abortion; in the two firſt it ſucceeded, but in vain the laſt Time, a fine Boy being born; which, however, with the Mother, is ſince dead, the latter of which was followed to the Grave by a great Concourſe of People. Her being brought to Bed ſoon occaſioned an Enquiry for the Father, when ſhe declared ſhe never knew any Perſon but the aforeſaid Gentleman, and then declared the whole Affair; which he as confidently denied, even in her Preſence: However, when dying ſhe was required to forgive him, which ſhe declared ſhe could not for his denying the Truth ſo baſely. She deſired a Funeral Sermon might be preached, the Text of which ſhe choſe herſelf out of the 109th Pſalm, and addreſſed the whole of that Pſalm to the Perſon aforementioned.

ROBBED On Saturday Afternoon, about Six o'Clock, a Gentleman and a Lady, who were going from London to Eaton in a Poſt-Chaiſe, were attack'd about four Miles on the other Side of Hounſlow by a Highwayman, who told the Boy, if he did not ſtop he would blow his Brains out, on which the Gentleman ſnapp'd a Piſtol at him; he then ſwore he would ſhoot the Gentleman, who told him, that might be, or not, and immediately fired his other Piſtol, but miſs'd him, and unfortunately one of the Balls glanced ſo, that it went into the Poſt-Boy's Back, and lodged in his Shoulder; on this the Highwayman ſwore he would blow the Gentleman's Brains out; but he took up the firſt Piſtol, which he had ſnapp'd at him before, and got out of the Poſt-Chaiſe, went up to his Horſe's Head and ſnapp'd it in his Face; the Highwayman then fired one of his Piſtols at the Gentleman, which paſs'd his left Ear, and went over his Shoulder, and ſwore if he did not give him his Watch and Money, he would not only ſhoot him, but would take Care of the Lady; on which the Gentleman thought it prudent to give him his Watch and Money. He then demanded his Sword, but the Gentleman told him he might ſee he was an Officer by his Cockade, and he would not on any Terms give up his Sword. The Robber then told him, that he was reckon'd as brave as any one that ever croſs'd thoſe Plains, but that he did not know what to make of him, ſo rode off towards Longford. The Ball has been extracted from the Shoulder of the Poſt-Boy, who belongs to the King's-Head at Hounſlow, and 'tis hop'd he will do well.

PREFERRED. A Preſentation is paſſed the Great Seal, to enable the Rev. Mr. Cook to hold the Rectory of Coggeſden, alias Coggs-Dean, in the County of Eſſex and Dioceſe of London, to which he was preſented a few Days ago by the Right Rev. Father in God Thomas Lord Biſhop of London.

MARRIED. Wedneſday the Right Hon. the Earl of Faulkland was married to the Counteſs Dowager of Suffolk.

DEAD. Thurſday 7-night in the Morning died at Morden-College, Black-Heath, Mr. Thomas Oyles, in the 83d Year of his Age. He was formerly a Merchant of this City, which makes ſix Vacancies in the ſaid College; and is to be interred in the Coffin which brought the Corpſe of Thomas Cocke, Eſq; from Stoke-Newington, and according to his Will left for the Uſe of the firſt Penſioner that died there, this happened to be the firſt.

BANKRUPTS. Samuel King, of Newport in the Iſle of Wight, Mercer.

Iſaac Mendes, of Coleman-Street, Merchant.

Bank Stock was 146 3-8ths Opening. India Stock, no Price. South-Sea Stock, no Price. Ditto Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto New 1ſt Sub. 108. Ditto 2d Sub. 106. 3 4ths. Bank Annuities 1746, 1ſt Sub. 107 5-8ths Opening. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Lottery 1747, 1ſt Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Bank Annuities 1747, 1748, and 1749, 1ſt Sub 108 1 half a 5 8ths Opening. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto India Annuities, Books ſhut. Three per Cent Annuities, 105 1 half a 5 8ths. Ditto Sub. 1751, 105 3 8ths. Ditto India Books ſhut. New Bank Circulation, 4 l. 12 s. 6 d. Prem.

N. B. NUMB. XXIV. of the Third Volume of this Work, will be publiſhed on *Saturday* the 28th of *October*, 1752, continued regularly every other *Saturday*; and may be had of the Perſons who ſerve News-Papers or Subſcription Books: *Of whom alſo may be had any of the Numbers of the two former Volumes to compleat Sets*, and each Volume compleat at 5s. 6d. neatly bound.